

# THE DAILY HERALD.

"FIRST OF ALL, THE NEWS."

ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

JESSE O. WHEELER, Editor and Prop.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1892.

THE difference: Clark men will crow, and Hogg men will eat crow.

PARTY organization is a good thing, but it can never be placed above party principle.

REV. SID WILLIAMS is a Baptist but he is making an Universal hav of among Corpus Christi sinners.

SAN ANTONIO couldn't afford to throw eggs at Sam Jones. They are all being hatched to produce roosters to crow over Judge Clark's 50,000 majority.

BROWNSVILLE boast of a few drummers who decidedly are opposed to Hogg, and they are neither "measley" nor "clabber brained." They are intelligent gentlemen.

BETTER be a boiling democrat than one who is hide-bound and collared. Better have freedom of opinion than be bound to swear black is white because the machine says so.

GALVESTON NEWS: The procession which followed at the heels of Governor Hogg when he visited Dallas was merely a cracker compared to the endless equator of moving souls who greeted Judge Clark on his triumphant entrance into the metropolis.

THE San Antonio Express says: With the incubi of the Houston Post and St. Louis Republic resting upon his broad shoulders it is impossible for Mr. Hogg to make good time. As well might a man attempt to dislodge Nancy Hanks with a cotton bale chained to his middle. This is not Hogg's fault, but it is his misfortune.

THE Hogg club recently organized here passed a lot of resolutions which would make a peculiar democratic patch quilt. One paragraph is devoted to denouncing and deploring the "Clark bolt at Houston" which another announces that the club itself bolts the decision of the recent democratic judicial convention held at Rio Grande City, and refuses to support its nominees for district judge. For inconsistency the Hogg people can't be beaten.

Let every voter lay aside all prejudice and calmly consider the great issues that confront Texas in this fast approaching election. The campaign is fast nearing its end, and all of the evidence is in. It is the solemn duty of every man who is entitled to a vote to study the evidence as carefully as a judge trying a case of life or death, and form his verdict accordingly. If you are a man of principle, a man with any patriotism in your soul you will lay aside all ideas of selfish advancement, all prejudice, and cast your vote for the good of Texas. The question has many sides, and men of reason and justice will study its every phase, before forming a decision. Remember, it is a fight not of men, but of principles.

In one issue the Houston Post, speaking of Hogg going to Tyler when Clark was speaking there, says:

"Coming unheralded and with the desire for quiet rest in his native town, the governor could not have had any designs upon the Clark meeting."

In another issue the Post has the following on the same subject:

"The fact is that when Governor Hogg announced his intention to speak Sunday in Tyler Judge Clark was advertised to speak at Tyler on the 24th, and afterwards changed his date to the 22nd."

Question: Which would the Post have its readers to believe?

SPEAK a good word for Clark's cause whenever you meet your neighbor, and put in just as many for Crain. Both candidates must be elected.

THE last issue of the Karnes County News is altogether devoted to the educational matters, and gives the Range high school a good send off.

## Columbian Exposition.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 28.—Emilio Castelar, Spain's eloquent and distinguished prime minister, will in all probability be the orator on the ceremonial day on May 1 next, when the World's Columbian Exposition opens its gates to the world. This information was given at the World's Fair headquarters to day. Senor Castelar is the unanimous choice, not only of the National commission, but also of the local directors, the council of administration and the committee on ceremonies.

The invitation to deliver this ceremonial oration has not been sent Senor Castelar, but it will be as soon as the proper committee can meet and take action.

Strong hopes are entertained by President Palmer of the National commission that the distinguished Spaniard can be induced to come. Senor Castelar is an excellent English scholar, so his oration will not be hampered by a limitation to his native language.

Secretary Culp of the committee on ceremonies is already planning the exercises to take place on May 1. The programme as already outlined contemplates only one oration and a poem. None has yet been mentioned as the poet laureate for that day. It can be stated, however, that it will not be a woman, and whoever wins the laurel wreath will be a person of National renown.

The exercises will be held in the music hall now in process of construction at the east end of the Grand canal, and invitations will be limited to about 2000.

As to who will start the machinery into operation nothing has been decided. It may be the president of the United States and it may not.

There is a sentiment of opinion prevailing that some direct descendant of Columbus should touch the button, and in case a direct descendant of the great discoverer can not attend a descendant of Pinzone, Columbus' captain of the Pinta, when the little fleet sailed from Palos, be asked. A Pinzone is now living in Paterson, N. J., and there are more in Spain.

Fresh Little Joker and Duke's Mixture received by every steamer at Celestin Jagon's.

## AYESHA.

Rich on a camel's hump she sat,  
Coined on a silky Persian mat,  
And sailed along the waste of sand  
More like the ocean than the land.  
Ayesha!

And many an armed and valiant man  
Guarded that glittering caravan.  
His turban, snow white in the sun,  
Where ostriches and zebras run.  
Ayesha!

A troop of Bedouins with their spears  
In the Sahara quick appears:  
And, spurring with sirocco speed,  
Each Moslem strides a fiery steed.  
Ayesha!

A furious charge—a broken line—  
Above the sands their crescents shine.  
Onward the fierce marauders dash  
To clang of hoof and falchion's flash.  
Ayesha!

Her cries unheard, her convoy slain,  
The Paynim scouring o'er the plain  
Praise Allah for the prize thus sent  
A captive to their chieftain's tent.  
Ayesha!

But he, a shiek of stately mien,  
Swore by his beard that ne'er was seen  
So fair a maid since Mahmud's day,  
And sent her scathless on her way.  
Ayesha!

Upon a courser fleet she rode!  
Unconscious of its lovely load,  
With precious gifts of silk and gold,  
Her slave the Arab chieftain bold.  
Ayesha!

—David Graham Adey in Washington Star.

## Doing Some Shooting.

"It once cost me fifty dollars to shoot at myself," said Frank E. Blair to the Story Tellers' club that was holding an informal session on the sidewalk at the Southern. "I got into a Baltimore hotel very late one night and very tired. A thunderstorm was raging at the time, and I am as afraid of lightning as a sweet girl graduate of a mouse, so I turned off the light, intending to disrobe in the darkness. I had taken my pistol out of my pocket to place it under my pillow, when there was a blinding flash of lightning. I caught sight of a villainous looking fellow not ten feet distant with a pistol in his hand. He was standing in a crouching, expectant attitude, and I felt sure that his intention was to murder and rob me. 'Who's there?' I called, but got no reply. I grasped my pistol firmly and advanced a step or two. There was another flash of lightning, and there was the villain, almost within arm's length, gun in hand. I pulled the trigger twice. There were two stunning reports and a crashing of glass. Then I realized that I had done it—made an ass of myself. I sat down on the edge of the bed, ashamed to turn on the light. It was a full length mirror. I had shot my own shadow to smithereens—had mistaken myself for a cutthroat."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A Noble Husband.

The historian Xenophon relates that when Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, had taken captive a young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming wife, of whom he was remarkably fond, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyrus to receive their sentence. The warrior inquired of the prince what he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom, and he replied that he valued his crown and his liberty at a very low rate, but if the noble conqueror would restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and possessions he would willingly pay his life for the purchase. The prisoners were dismissed to enjoy their freedom and former honors, and each was lavish in praise of the conqueror. "And you," said the prince, addressing his wife, "what think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," she replied. "Not observe him!" exclaimed her husband. "Upon whom, then, was your attention fixed?" "Upon that dear and generous man," she replied, "who declared his readiness to purchase my liberty at the expense of his life."

## Canvas Orators.

Humorous, if a trifle unkind, was the orator, who, when describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent, said, "He is so fond of being praised that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost if it were but to look up and read the stonecutter's puff on his tombstone." This is a striking contrast to the graceful and witty compliment paid to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, of whom, when they canvassed the electors of Westminster on behalf of Fox in 1784, it was said that "never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvas."—London Standard.

## How One Painter Was Started.

The Fall Mall Gazette tells a story of a British—or was it an American?—collector, who paused before a picture by the late Belgian artist, Mauve, for the first time, having been struck by its beauty. He asked how much it cost, and was told \$125. "Nonsense," he said, "it's too cheap. Make it \$500 and I'll take a dozen more from him at the same price." This was Mauve's financial success begun.

One or two slight circumstances may bend the twig and thus incline the tree. A Christmas gift bent Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of buried Troy, to his life work.

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